THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE." The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the

following as the correct original of the famous
"Dixle:"

I wish I was in de land of cotton, Old times dar am not forgotten; In Dixle land whar I was bawn in, Early on a frosty mawnin'.

Ole missus marry Will de weaber, Will he was a gay deceaber; When he put his arm around her He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber fut dat didn't seem a bit to grieb 'er: Will run away, missus took a decline, Her face was de color ob de bacon rine. While missus libbed she libbed in clober,

When she died she died all ober How could she act the foolish part, An' marry a man to broke her heart? Buckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter

Makes you fat or little fatter; Here's a health to de nex' ole missus, An' all de gals dat wants to kissus.

Now, if you want to dribe away sorrow. Come an' hear dis song to-morrow; Den hoe it down and scratch de grabble, To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble.

I wish I was in Dixle, hooray, hooray! In Dixle's land We'll take our stand, To live an' die in Dixle.

Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie; Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It was toward the end of November: the Imperial garden of Vienna was deserted, a sharp breeze was whirling the saironcolored leaves, shrunk up by the early cold; the rose bushes, tormented and broken by the wind, let their branches drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley,

drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley, thanks to its covering of sand, was dry and passable. Although devastated by the approach of winter, the Imperial garden was not without a certain melancholy churm. The long alley prolonged far away its reddening areades; beyond, the view atretched over the Prater and Danube; it was such a promonade as a poet would have desired.

A young man was striding up and down this alley with visible signs of impatience; his costume somewhat theatrical in its elegance, consisted of a freek coat of black velvet with gold facings and bordered with fur, gray woolen pantaloons, top boots with tassels coming half way up his legs. He might have been 27 or 28 years of age; his pale and regular features were legs. He might have been 27 or 28 years of age; his pale and regular features were full of finesse, and irony lurked in the creases around his eyes and the corner of his mouth; at the university, which he appeared to have quitted recently, for still wore the student's cap with oak leaves, he must have plaqued the philistines and shown in the front ranks of the bureacher and the front.

night; I feel the desire to live in the creation of the poets; I seem to have twenty existences. Every role that I place makes me a new life; all those passions that I express I feel. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles Moor. When one is all that he can with difficulty resign himself to the humble condition of a village pastor.

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents will never have an actor for a son-in-law.

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents will nover have an actor for a son-in-law.

"No, certainly not an obscure actor, a poor ambulant artist, the puppet of managers and the public, but a great actor, covered with glory and applause, who earns more money than a minister, they will not refuse, however acrupulous they may be. When I shall come to ask your hand in a handsome yellow coach, the varnish of which will be able to serve as a looking glass for the astonished neighbors, and a tail lackey covered with gold lace will let down the steps for me, do you think that they will refuse me?"

"I do not think they will refuse me?"

"I do not think they will ever come to that. You have talent, but talent is not sufficient; you must have much good luck besides. By the time you shall have become the grand actor of whom you speak the best time of your youth will have passed, and then will you be ready to marry Katy, grown old, when you have at your disposal the loves of all those princesses of the theater, so joyous and so gayly decked?"

"That future," replied Heinrich, "is nearer than you think. I have an advantageous enragement at the theater of the Carinthian Gate, and the manager is so astisfied with the manner in which I plaved my hat role that he has made me a present of 2,000 thalers."

"Yes," replied the young girl, with a serious air, "that role of a demon in the

played my hast role that he has made me a present of 2,000 chalors."

"Yes." replied the young girl, with a serious air, "that role of a demon in the piecs. I confeas to you, Heinrich, that I do not like to see a Christian assume the mask of the enemy of the human race and pronounce words of blasphemy. The other day I went to see you at the Carinthian theater, and at every moment I was afraid that a veritable hell fire would issue from one of the traps where you were swallowed up in fames of spirits of wine. I returned home all confused, and I dramed horrible dreams."

"My good Katy, that is all imagination; to-morrow, too, will take place the last performance, and I shall no longer put on the black and red costume which so much displeases you."

displeases you."
"So much the better! for my mind is a prey to a vague feeling of alarm, and I fear that the rele which has been so profitable to your glory will not be profitable to your salvation; I am afraid, too, that you will contract bad habits in the company of those horrible comedians. I am sure that you no longer say your prayers, and I dare wager that you have lost the little cross that I gave you."

Heinrich justified himself by showing the little cross, which was still shining on his breast.

on his breast.
While they were talking thus the two
lovers had arrived at the Thabor strasse
in the Leopoldstadt, in front of the shoemaker, who was famous for the perfection
of his gray boots; after chatting some
time at the door, Kate entered, followed
when the strains are without here.

time at the door, Kate entered, followed by her terrier, not without having abandoned her pretty slender fingers to the pressure of Heinrich's hand.

Heinrich tried once more to catch a glimpse of his mistress between the dainty soots and shoes that were symmetrically arranged on the breasted in the window; but the fog had allvered the glass with as moist breath, and, he could not distinguish a confused sliboustie; then, texting

a heroic resolution, he turned on his heet and wens with deliberate stop to the inn of the Two-headed Eagle.

That night there was a numerous com-pany at the Two-headed Eagle; the guests were of the most mixed description, and the caprice of Callot and that of Goya could not have produced an odder smal-gam of characteristic types. The Two-headed Eagle was one of those bleased cellars celebrated by Hoffman, with steps

headed Eagle was one of those blessed cellars celebrated by Hoffman, with steps so worn, so greasy, so slippery that you cannot put your foot upon the first one without at once finding yourself at the bottom, with your elbows on the table, a pipe in your mouth, between a pot of beer and a measure of new wine.

Through the thick cloud of smoke that almost choked and blinded you at first, all sorts of strange figures appeared after a few minutes. There were Wallachians with their cafetan and Astrakhan cap, Servians, Hungarians with long black mustaches, caparisoned with dolmans and embroidery, Bohemians with coppery complexions, narrow forehead, and arched nose; honest Germans with laced coats; Tartars with eyes turned up like those of Chinese, all imaginable populations. The cast was represented by a fat Turk coiled up in a corner and peacefully smoking a pipe of Moldwian cherrywood, with a bowl of red clay and a mouthpiece of yellow amber.

yellow amber.

Everybody was esting and drinking:
the drink consisted of strong beer and a
mixture of new red wine with old white
wine; the food, of slices of cold veal.

wine; the food, of slices of cold veal, ham, or pastry.

Round the tables turned unceasingly one of those long German waltzes which produce on northern imaginations the same effect as hasheest and opium on the Orientals, the couples passed and repassed rapidly; the women almost fainting with pleasure on the arms of their cavaliers, to the sounds of a waltz by Lamar, swept away with their skirts the clouds of smoke and refreshed the faces of the drinkers. At the counter some Morlachean improvisators, accompanied by a player upon the guzla, were reciting a sort of dramatic complaint, which seemed greatly to divert a dozen strange figures clothed in sheepskin and coifed with tarboukhs.

with tarboukhs.

Heinrich went to the end of the cellar,

Heinrich want to the end of the cellar, and sat on a table where were already seated three or four personages of joyous mien and merry humor.

"Ah, Heinrich!" cried the eldest of the band; "mind yourselves. my frieuds; fænum habet in corns. You know you had a truly diabolical look the other night; you almost frightened me. Who would think that Heinrich, who drinks beer as we do, and who does not draw back before a slice of cold ham, could put on such venomous, wicked, and sardonic airs, and that with a single gesture he can make a whole theater shudder."

"Eh! why that is the reason why Heinrich is a great artist, a sublime comedian. There is no glory in playing a role that is in your character; the triumph for a coquette is to excel in playing ingenues."

Heinrich sat down modestly, called for

silence took away their value from the panegyrics which his noisy companions lavished upon him. It was the silence of an old and experienced connoisseur, who does not allow himself to be deceived by

does not allow himself to be deceived by appearances.

Atmayer, the youngest of the company, the warmest admirer of Heinrich, could not endure this coldness, and addressing the strange man, as if taking him to bear witness to an assertion that he had advanced, he said:

"It is not so, sir; no actor has ever played the role of Mephistopheles better than my comrade here.

"Humph!" said the stranger, flashing his green eyes and cracking his sharp teeth. "Mr. Heinrich is a young man of talent, whom I esteem very highly; but he is wanting in many things necessary to play the role of the devil.

And suddenly drawing himself up:
"Have you over seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?"

He put this question in such a strange

He put this question in such a strange

He put this question in such a strange and mocking tone, that all the company felt a shudder run down their backs.

"That, however, would be necessary for the truthfulness of your play. The other evening I was at the theater of the Carinthiau Gate, and I was not satisfied with your laugh; it was, at the utmost, a sly laugh. My dear Mr. Heinrich, this is the way you ought to laugh."

And, thereupon, as to give him the example, he burst into a laugh so sharp, so strident, so sardonic, that the orchestra and the dancers stopped at that very instant; the glass windows trombled. The stranger continued this pitiless and convulsive laugh for several minutes, and Heinrich and his companions, in spite of their terror, could not kelp imitating it. When Henrich had recovered himself, the vaults of the tavern were repeating,

When Henrich had recovered himself, the vaults of the tavern were repeating, like a feeble eche, the last note of that broken and terrible twitter, and the stranger was no longer there.

III. Some days after this strange incident, which he had almost forgotten, or which he remembered only as a joke of an ironical burgher. Heterich was playing his part of the demon in the new piece. On the first row of seats in the orchestra was seated the stranger of the tavern, and at every word he proucunced he shock his head, winked his eyes, smacked his tongue against his palate, and showed aigns of the liveliest impatience.

"Bad! bad!" he muttered to himself. His neighbors, astonished and shocked at his manners, applanded, and thought to themselves that the gentleman was very hard to please. Some days after this strange incident.

wery hard to please.

At the end of the first act the stranger rose, as if he had taken a sudden resolution, strode ever the big drum, the cymbals, and trombone, and disappeared through the little door that leads from through the little door that leads from the crehestra to the stage. Heinrich, waiting until the curtain rose, was walking until the curtain rose, was walking until the curtain rose, was walking up and down in the wings, and when he came to the end of his short promenade, what was his terror to see as he turned, standing in the middle of the corridor, a mysterious personage clothed exactly as he was, and who looked at him with eyes whose greenish transparency had strange profundity in the darkness; the white, sharp, wide-set teeth gave semething ferocious to his sardonic smile.

Heinrich could not fail to recognize the stranger whom he had seen at the Two-headed legie, of rather the nevil in person, for it was head to the country. Whon we began circulating this journal, Hartford had a population of perhaps one-twentich its present size. It had no raliroads, no egas, no English sparrows, no sewers—practically none of the noticeable features with kindle phone, no egas, no English sparrows, no sewers—practically none of the noticeable features was ly since we began laboring here. We are ready to see it change a good deal record the changes in the future as faithfully as in the past.

MR. STEPHEN A. APAIN, Washington, D. C. Mays: "A member of my family having been troubled for several years with kindov disease winduced to use your Hunt's [Kidney and Iver]. He was head to the end of his short present size. It had no raliroads, had a population of perhaps one-twentich had a populating this journal, Hartford had a population of perhaps one-twentich had a population of perhaps

play the devil! You were very middling in the first set, and you would decidedly give too poor an idea of me to the good citizens of Vieuna. You will allow me to replace you this evening, and as you might interfere with me I will send you to the cellar below the stage."

Heinrich recognized the Prince of Darkness, and ielt himself lost; putting his hand mechanically to the little cross that Katy had given him, he tried to call for help and to murmur his formula of exorcism, but terror choked him; he could only utter a feeble rattle. The devil seized Heinrich with his hooked hands by his shoulders and pushed him by main force through the floor; then he entered upon the scene, when his cue came, like a perfect actor.

His incisive, bitting, venomous and truly disbolical acting at first autprised the

His incisive, biting, venomous and truly diabolical acting at first surprised the spectators. What especially produced a great effect was that sharp titter like the grating of a saw, that laugh of the damned blaspheming joy of paradise. Never had an actor attained such powers of sarcasm, such a depth of villainy; the audience laughed but they trembled. All the audience was panting with emotion; phosphoric sparks glinted from the fingers of the terrible actor; trains of sparkling flame ran from his feet; the light of the lusters grew pale, the footlights shot out reddish and greenish flashes; a sort of sulphurous smell religned in the theater; the spectators were, as it were, delirious,

speared to have outsted recently, respectively. The students can write the students can be added to see the students can be also because and the force.

Interict has down in the front ranks of the burnches and shown in the front ranks of the burnches and the force.

Interict has down medically called for the content of the content of

There are 500 lithographic printing offices in Paris, giving employment to 5,000 men, women, and children. The wages vary from \$1 to \$3 for men and from 60 cents to \$1 for women. These wages are about one-fourth higher than these of twenty vary area. wages are about one-fourth higher than those of twenty years ago. The national printing house and the municipal print-ing office greatly injure the trade, and private printers urge that they should be abolished and the public work given out

by contract.
There is no "phat" in Parisian newspa-Aftere is no "phat" in Parisian newspa-per offices. Big heads rule and figure work, tables of all kinds, and display "ads." are measured quite differently from what they are in America. When a paper is established the printers' union and the publishers agree as to the num-ber of latterns. a paper is established the printers' union and the publishers agree as to the number of letters of each size type that the line shall count for. The type are known not by name, but by numbers, and it is the larger sizes, the equivalents of minion, bourgeoise, and long primer, that are generally used. The body of the paper is set in long primer and bourgeoise, and a French compositor has a holy horror of small type. I have known them to quit an office in a body because the boss insisted upon introducing nonpareil. When the type is up it is counted line by line and number by number. A large-sized line in the body of an article in smaller type is never counted, except in the time in the body of an article in smaller type is never counted, except in the measurement of its own sized type. Each size is paid for at a different rate, and leads are never counted. Lines in italies, as well as lines of figures, are en-titled to a certain sum extra.

titled to a certain sum extra.

The prof, as he is called, occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a day foreman; he gives out the copy, pulls the proofs, and gives a "dupe" to each man, and, at the ond of the week, measures up. When a French printer works on time—that is to say, by the hour—they call it "putting him on conscience," and the conscience of some of them is not as moral as it might be. Conscience work is paid for at the same rate per hour that the compositor would receive per thousand. When job office hands vicient—that is to say, set type at night—they are paid sand. When job office hands vielent—that is to say, set type at night—they are paid about one fourth extra. In some offices the printers are guaranteed that they shall earn a certain sum.

The Oldest Newspaper. Hartford Courant, Oct. 29.

The Courant to-day enters upon its 121st year. The first number of this paper was published Oct. 29, 1764, and paper was published Oct. 29, 1764, and from that year to the present we have never failed to print the Courant as agreed. No other newspaper in America has a record equal to this. There is a flaw somewhere in the titles of any others that may claim to the position of the oldest journal in the country. When we began circulating this journal, Hartford had a population of perhaps one-twentieth its present size. It had no railreads, no presidential elections, no telephone, no gas, no English sparrows, no sewers—

THE ART OF DRESSING.

Bison Cioth Suits and How Made-Fur Trimmings to be the Rage-Seal Colors-Elegant Dinner Dresses and Bridal Costumes.

It is evident that the embroidered bison

cloth is constantly growing in favor. The

skirts are made from plain solid colors,

while the bodies and drapery are com-

posed of the embroidered fabric. It is

while the bodies and drapery are composed of the embroidered fabric. It is done by sewing machines in different brilliant tiuts. For instance, pink or garact rosebuls have clive or myrtle green leaves for the foliage, and sometimes a combination of both shades of green. These are put on in detached clusters. Then there are gorgeous panay designs, embracing half a dozen shades in one blossom, and perfect imitations of natural flowers. Other patterns are embroidered in large red or golden bronze leaves scattered over the surface. The style of making up this novel and attractive material is in tailor made suits, with a short coat-shaped basque, and falling from the back of this a double box-plait extending to the top of the last flounce on the underskirt. The front and sides of the overdress are cut whole and fastened to the skirt at the hips with a succession of plaits. For the street and carriage these suits are trimmed with fur bands or beaver plush. The natis made to match. A high, conical crown is composed of the embroidered cloth, and has a poke brim, standing erect, and covered on the outside with a shirred nuffling of velvet in side with a shirred nuffling of velvet in the terribbe actor; trains of sparsitive flame ran from his feet; the light of the

of lace, pink roses to match the emboss-ing. A handsome promenade suit is com-posed of mahogany bison cloth skirt, made in narrow tucks across the front and sides, with panels of volvet of same shado, enlivened with gilt braid, put on in triangle designs; a gray cloth mantle, trimmed with sable fur or bands of matrimmed with sable fur or bands of mahogany velvet to match; an immense
poke bonnet of gray feit crown and
shirred velvet brim, garnished simply
with birds and made feather ornaments.

Very elegant dinner dresses are of
heavily embroidered silk or satio, the
designs being in erasive needlework
representing lilles, grasses, and cat-tail
flags. The color is quite dark, in either
green, garnet, blue and brown, and the
flowers and grasses bright and showy
enough to relieve the effect of the somber
shades. The fronts of the skirt and corsage, also panels for drapery, are embroidered. The corsage is cut pompadour,
and the sleeves below the elbow, and
finished with ruchings of real lace. For
promenade and carriage purposes a very
fashionable shade is of bluish gray cloth,
the skirt of the plain solid color, and the
corsage and trimmings or drapery of
embroidered on ground of same tint. It is
seldom that dresses for brides are mentioned in fashion leiters, and it therefore
becomes the duty of the Mercury
fashion writer to do something by
way of enlightening these very
much neglected creatures. As some
of these toilets have recently been brought
to the writer's notice, the readers of this
paper shall have the benefit of a peep behind the scenes before the event for which
they are designed occurs. One is of gleaning white Irish poplin. The entire front
is covered with cascades of lace are interspersed with clusters of tube roses and
orange blossoms with waxen green leaves.
The veil is of Brussels net and falls very
full over the entire dress. Another, is
composed of crean-tinted broche. The
drapery and trimmings on the train is
out in curved points and filled in between the hellows with Valenciennes
lace ruffles, made from very narrow
edging. The corsage and train are of
plain cream satin. The basque is outlined
by smilax vines mingled with orange flowers and white daisies. Detached clusters
of the same vines and flowers are placed
over the lace drapery of the skirt, which
is caught in festeons and held

Skin Diseases.—"Swayne's Ointment.
"Swayne's Ointment" cure Tetter, Salt Riseum, Ringworm, Sores, Pimples, Ecsema, all Itchy Skin Emptions, no matter, how obsit-nate or long standing.

IN GREAT LUCK

Inheritance that Fell to a San Francisco Car Driver. San Francisco Chi

"Bob, lead me a dollar." "Certainly, Harry," and the money exchanged hands. This conversation took place Wednesday morning at about 8 o'clock. The bor rower awoke yesterday morning without a cent, and the dollar he had obtained paid for his breakfast. At 10 o'clock he

a cent, and the dollar he had obtained paid for his breakfast. At 10 o'clock he was worth \$20,000.

Again the vagaries of a checkered career, the ups and downs of this strange life, the suiden and unexpected freaks of fortune were exemplified.

Harry Jones, the hero of this tale, is a man well born, who has seen much of what there is to see in life, and has sounded nearly the entire gamut of human experiences. He has known what it is to have money, and what it is to be 'dead broke,' and perhans from a knowledge of the delights of the good things of this world, has enjoyed spending money as well as any one could. He is about 40 years old now, and altogether his prospects at the outset in struggling for success and to make his mark were promising, founded upon his excellent education and brilliant talents, as well as energy and ambition. He came to this coast in early days, and was identified with the exhibition and development of Arizona, where many a legend is recounted in which he figured conspicuously. His friends are strong and loyal, and have always been so, notwithstanding the fact that he has fallen in the social scale and has been frequently poverty-stricken.

For ton years he has been in Arizona,

For ten years he has been in Arizona, where every one knows him. He was a lawyer, and acted as attorney for the Earp lawyer, and acted as attorney for the Earp brothers when they were prosecuted for their murderous exploits in Cochise county, Ariz., two years ago. These Tombstone troubles are fresh in the minds of every one in California. Jones was intimately connected with them. The feud began in 1851, when Billy Clanton and Thomas McLowry lost their lives. The Earp brothers numbered five—James, Virgil, Wyatt, Morgan, and Warren—and were pitted against the Clanton and McLowry gaugs. The original cause of the fight was a dispute over the spoils gained from a robberty of one of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stages near Tombstone. Murder followed upon murder, the most notorious being stages near Tombstone. Murder followed upon murder, the most notorious being those of March, 1882, in which "Doc" Helliday, the rounder, Sherman McMasters, and "Texas Jack" were the principal participants. Finally, both gangs were broken up. Warren Earp came to San Francisco and ran a farobank on Morton street until a short time ago, when he was raided and his place closed up. Jones hobnobbed with all the rounders. The Earps were gamblers and "short-card" men, and the cowboys, and Jones and the saloon-keepers made a happy family. Harry was proud of his southern blood, and seemed to be ever watching for some one to step on the tail of his coat.

southern blood, and seemed to be ever watching for some one to step on the tail of his coat.

Eight mouths ago Jones drifted up to this city. In many ways he was a wreck of his former self. He had ceased to practice law, and had lest his grip. Through the influence of old acquaintances he obtained a position as driver of a bobtail car on the Omnibus railroad, and up to to-day he has held the ribbons over the flery, untamed steed of that corporation, and gazed wistfully upon the nickels that fell into the cash box, revolving in his mind the proposition of how he was to make his next stake. This morning when he got up the darkest hour had arrived, and he was obliged to go to work with an empty stomach and an empty pocket. At 8 o'clock he saw his friend Bob O'Reilly, who has had his high tides and his bad luck himself, and the conversation at the head of this article ensued.

At 10 o'clock Jones went to O'Reilly and showed him a letter from New York which had brought a \$1,000 check to his hand, and told him the news that his mother had just died, leaving \$23,000 worth of property to her wayward son. He starts east this morning on the overland train with a new suit on his back to take possession of his inheritance.

A sound mind goes very seldom without a

A sound mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes toward it more than the use of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigoration, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Hubert O. Thompson.

"Gath" in the Enquirer.
This man Thompson has aspired for years to be Kelly's successor in the bos-ship of New York. He is not as clean a looking man as Kelly, and has not Kelly's good habits. Kelly is temperate, domes tic, strict in his religious observances quiet to talk with, a once industrious mechanic, and a politician of very long experience, having been in congress years before the rebellion. Thompson is nearly mechanic, and a politician of very long experience, having been in congress years before the rebellion. Thompson is nearly twenty years his junior; is said to be better educated, has a certain genius for staying up all night and working at a political organization, but has no business habits, earnedy any domestic associations, lives with the boys, and, in the way of general morals, promises to be, if he is successful here, a letting down from any boss New York city has ever had. His office is an important one—commissioner of public works. He employs all the laborers on the highways, bridges, &c., enormous in number, and has the distribution of large funds of money. He assesses regularly from these employes a campaign fund, and for a good while past has had more patronage here than Kelly. Nobody knows much about him except the politicians. He is not very communicative, has a kind of idiotic grin or stare, wears spectacles, and has grown Falstaffian and fat. He has dark hair and complexion, and would appear to be a candidate for the apoplexy.

Aven aprills are effectual in a wide range o diseases which arise from disorders of the stomach and digestive organs. They are a convenient remedy to have always at hand. They are sugar-coated, easy to take, effective to operate, sure to bring relief and cure.

Just as Like as Not.

Philadelphia Call.

New York has a "literary exchange." Possibly this is the place where Ells Wheeler and Col. Joyce trade poems.

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